

5

Eng. Poetry vol. 117.

O D E S,

B Y

BRADSHAW GALLIARD, Esq. *12*

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus—

Multa Dircaeum levat aura Cycnum,

Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos

Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae

More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem

Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique

Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo—

L O N D O N:

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. O DE to Fortune - - -	I
2. O Reason, an Ode - - -	5
3. Ode to a Friend - - -	II
4. The Instability of Human Grandeur, an Ode	14
5. Winter, an Ode - - -	19
6. Ode to Spring - - -	21
7. Ode of Horace translated - - -	22
8. The Triumph of Love, an Irregular Ode -	23
9. The Triumph of Bacchus, an Irregular Ode	26
10. Amimone, an Allegorical Ode - -	29
11. Calisto, an Allegorical Ode - -	32
12. The Forge of Lemnos - - -	34
13. Ode to Health - - -	36

O D E S.

CHAPTER 10

1. The first part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

2. The second part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

3. The third part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

4. The fourth part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

5. The fifth part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

6. The sixth part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

7. The seventh part of the chapter discusses the importance of the

O D E S.

O D E to F O R T U N E.

F O R T U N E, whose undiscerning rays
Crown with success the guilty head,
By the false lustre of thy blaze.
Shall man for ever be misled?
How long, deceitful Idol, say,
Must we our shameful homage pay,
And at thy altars bow?
For ever must thy blind caprice,
Made sacred by our sacrifice,
Be incens'd here below?

II.

The people dazzled by success,
Fond worshippers of Fame;
Your each fantastic act cares,
In Valour's hackney'd name.

To cloath great vices nurs'd by you,
 Titles to Virtue only due,
 From Virtue's self they steal ;
 And, by their adulating praise,
 Into a godlike hero raise,
 The favourite of your wheel.

III.

But with whatever titles Pride
 Has deck'd this more than Man,
 Our Reason let us take for guide,
 His real worth to scan.
 What find we but extravagance,
 Weakness, injustice, arrogance,
 Madness, and thirst of blood!
 Oh Virtue, strange! that takes its rise
 From an incongruous heap of vice,
 Of crimes a nameless load.

IV.

Learn that 'tis Wisdom's school alone,
 Can form the perfect Man;
 She with indifference looks down
 On thy base, narrow plan.
 She ne'er the unearn'd praise allows,
 Which Folly gives, which Chance bestows,
 On heroes of the times ;

Learn that in the true Stoic eye,
 Their virtues of heroic dye,
 Are but successful crimes.

V.

What! that old Rome is now no more,
 Must I revere dread Sylla's name?
 Must I in Philip's son adore
 What I in Attila condemn?
 What! in the lawless right of force,
 Which steeps the steel in my life's source,
 Must I a warlike virtue find?
 And must I prostitute my lays
 To sound a butchering brigand's praise,
 Born to destroy mankind?

VI.

Say vaunted heroes, of your hands
 What monuments remain?
 Save broken faith, abortive plans,
 And Kings by tyrants slain.
 Whole nations that in chains expire,
 Cities laid waste by sword and fire,
 And levell'd with the dust;
 Pale matrons stretch their bleeding arms,
 To save a trembling daughter's charms
 From a hot soldier's lust.

VII.

Misjudging man, whose fear-struck mind
Admires such monstrous things ;
Is it the misery of mankind
That makes the pride of Kings ?
Is it by cruelty alone
They make their baneful power known,
And raise their thrones on fear ?
Oh! Delegates of Gods below,
Is it but by the Lightning's blow
Your greatness must appear ?



R E A S O N,

R E A S O N.

O D E the S E C O N D,

I.

REASON, long time from Man with-held,
 Forbad him to aspire,
 'Till Japet's hardy son * rebell'd,
 And stole the sacred fire ;
 That boon so rare, at length possess'd,
 Inflam'd as it inform'd the breast,
 Where it a flambeau lent ;
 Oh strange reverse ! that light divine
 No sooner did begin to shine,
 Than mortals to repent.

II.

Wisdom's sage goddess, Poets say,
 Herself became his guide,
 Tended Ulysses on his way,
 And conquer'd at his side.
 Let Cyclops arm against his days,
 And Neptune his vain billows raise,
 The votive bark to sink ;
 Thus aided he alike defies
 The Syren's Song, or Scylla's cries,
 Or Circe's fatal drink.

Behold,

* Prometheus was the son of Japetus and Climene.

III.

Behold, in heathen fable drest,
 A philosophic truth ;
 Each mortal feels within his breast
 This sacred guide of youth :
 Ulysses, conscious of her aid,
 Took counsel from the heavenly Maid,
 Life's dangerous course to steer ;
 Whilst we with pride and passion blind,
 Leave the conductress of the mind
 To lackey in the rear.

IV.

She now no longer is that friend
 That guards mankind from ill ;
 We've found the art to make her bend,
 And pander to the will.
 'Tis a rank sophister that blinds,
 A harlot that herself resigns,
 To speculative fools :
 Who, to give sanction to their lies,
 Their cobweb arguments disguise,
 With jargon of the schools.

V.

'Tis she that fills the heated brain
 With fancies light as wind,
 With dogmas false, and systems vain,
 Misleads the puzzled mind.

She, by a thousand specious wiles,
 The captive faculties beguiles,
 In error to engage;
 A Hero of a Madman makes,
 A Knave for a wise Statesman takes,
 An Atheist for a Sage.

VI.

Whole nations where pure Nature's hand
 As yet preserves a trace,
 We with the name of savage brand,
 Low as brute-beasts abase.
 But say, vain mortals who deride,
 * Or with false Pity, born of Pride,
 Decaim 'gainst barb'rous days,
 Which most your cruel scorn deserves,
 That instinct which its owner serves,
 Or reason—which betrays.

VII.

Indulgent Nature, ever kind,
 To guard what she produces,
 Gives Man abundantly to find
 For all his actual uses.

Contented

* In proportion as the idea of our own excellence encreases, so gradually will encrease our contempt for those we esteem beneath us. And this sentiment, if sufficiently strong to take the mask of Pity, may very properly be termed false, and the offspring of Pride.

Contented with his little fare,
 The Huron, undisturb'd by care,
 Enjoys a calm repose ;
 Dainties which Europe's sons abuse,
 And which his climate may refuse,
 He neither wants nor knows.

VIII.

Unchang'd, he sees the seasons change,
 And hears the tempest beat ;
 His vigour unimpair'd remains,
 By Luxury's fell treat ;
 Those soft refinements which to gain,
 Has cost mankind much blood and pain,
 His tranquil mind ne'er heeds ;
 Which, by long use, become a charge,
 Serve in the end but to enlarge
 Our misery with our needs.

IX.

He scorns sophisticating whims,
 And vain Philosophy ;
 Which, born in darkness, ever swims
 In Error's troubled sea.
 He labours not to understand
 More than the all-directing hand
 Has set before his eyes ;

He knows that God created Man
To reap the blessings of his plan,
And not to criticise.

X.

Thus a wild Meteor's dazzling blaze
His mind has ne'er misled,
Nor Melancholy o'er his days
Her dreary mantle spread.
He, by inquiries abstruse,
Ne'er forms himself the dang'rous noose,
His senses to ensnare;
Vices are vices in his sight;
He betwixt moral wrong and right
Ne'er puzzles to declare.

XI.

Now boast, proud mortals, vainly wise,
Of your enlighten'd times;
Persist to pity and despise
Those of less polish'd climes.
Great ones, who in long pedigree,
Great riches or great luxury,
Your high advantage place;
You, who a fordid thirst of gain
Leads captives in a golden chain,
And holds in bondage base.

XII.

Yes, Avarice, detested foe,
Fell tyrant of the mind,
From thee what endless evils flow
To desolate mankind.
To fate thy ever craving itch,
The Earth, in treasures ever rich,
Presents her wounded breast;
Still thou remain'st dissatisfy'd,
More poor in wanting what's deny'd
Than rich in what's posselt.



To a F R I E N D.

O D E the T H I R D.

I.

BORN with a genius to command,
Or brave the frowns of Fate,
For whom Minerva's fost'ring hand
Has op'd bright Wisdom's gate;
Dear ———, what dark cloud o'erlays
The sunshine of thy youthful days,
Which once appear'd so fair?
Why, author of thine own distress,
Dost thou thy languid mind depress
With self-created care?

II.

Shake off th' enslaving Hydra's chain
Which thy wrong'd reason binds,
'Tis an imaginary rein,
And fit for vulgar minds;
Make head against the load of ills,
Which thy distemper'd fancy fills,
With horrors ne'er to cease;

To-day indignant Jove may scowl,
And o'er our heads loud thunders roll,
To-morrow all is peace.

III.

* For ever are the wat'ry plains
Disturb'd with boist'rous gales!
For ever do descending rains
Lay waste our peaceful vales!
'Tis hard with Misery to cope,
When ev'ry flatt'ring dawn of Hope
Has left the prospect bare;
But whilst that Guardian of our days
Still glimmers, tho' with distant rays,
'Tis weakness to despair.

IV.

The clouds which threaten thee to-day,
And make thee curse thy lot,
E'er while like dreams will pass away,
Like dreams will be forgot.
The storm drives hard, a Pilot's skill
Might save the little bark from ill,
And cheat the yawning sea;
But the cow'd sailor, in despair,
Deserts the rudder, sinks in pray'r,
Or fullen apathy.

As

* *Non semper imbres nubibus hispido
Manant in agros, aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque:*

HOR.

V.

As in the annual course we see
The day succeed the night,
The circle of our destiny
Is mark'd with shade and light;
But heavens ever just decree,
E'en in this inequality
Acts for the gen'ral blifs;
On the try'd basis of our woes,
The all-directing Wisdom knows,
To found our happiness.

VI.

Cease then to desolate thy mind
At Fortune's cruel play,
* It is the curse of human kind
To murmur, and obey.
Jove has created Man the same
As those twin-boys to whom old Fame
The rank of Gods has given;
Strange deities, as Poets tell,
Who one while pass their time in hell,
Another while in heaven.

* All creatures, Man only excepted, bear patiently the evils of this life, and without murmuring.

O D E the F O U R T H.

Quantum est in rebus inane——

I.

A H! who can stay the course of Time,
Or loiter on the stage
Which leads from beardless youth thro' manhood's prime,
Streight to decrepid age?
Who can the boist'rous winds enchain?
Who can retard the ebbing main,
Or bid it not to flow?
Who can resist the dreadful call,
Which out of nothing brought forth all,
By saying, Be it so?

II.

Why then to gain an empty name
Does Man consume his days?
Whence this ambitious lust of fame?
Whence this proud thirst of praise?
For whom such monstrous sums amass,
You who like flowers bud, blow, and pass,
Oft wither in full bloom?

Vain wretch, thy blind conceit deplore !
Can all his heaps of dirty ore
Save Clodio from the tomb ?

III.

Defist one instant to pursue
The work of Pride and Pelf ;
Mortal, thy frail existence view,
And learn to know thyself ;
Short is thy date, tho' short not sure,
Confounded in one night obscure,
Kings and their subjects lie ;
The moment that first gives us breath,
Is but the harbinger of death,
We then begin to die.

IV.

Where now are all thy projects vain,
Oh! mushroom of a day ?
The castles of thy heated brain
Are pass'd like mists away.
Heroes, in pride and insolence,
In rapine, blood, and violence,
Who seek a lasting fame ;
Rous'd from the fever of the mind,
Waking in death, too late you find
How very weak's your claim.

What !

V.

* What! tho' awhile thy frantic hand
The fiery bolt has hurl'd,
"Has dealt destruction round the land,"
And thin'd a groaning world.
Time all thy glory shall deface,
In a true light thy actions place,
Thy blood-stain'd laurels rot.
Sweet smiling peace, her reign resume,
The hero moulder in the tomb,
All to his crimes forgot.

VI.

* * * * *

Hah! what immensity of time
Since thy dread voice, oh all sublime!
Thro' the wide void was heard;
From Chaos call'd forth harmony,
Made jarring elements agree,
And fettle at a word.

So

* What! shall my weak and erring hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

VII.

So long old Time, that slighted friend
To mortals here below,
Without beginning, without end,
Who flows, and e'er will flow:
Has seen whole millions quit the stage,
Some in the blossom of their age,
Some in their vigour's prime;
Those who the longest here endure,
And count to years the most mature,
Live but a point in time.

VIII.

What then is life? a troubled sea,
An ocean of chagrin,
Where stands the syren Flattery,
And thousand rocks unseen.
Each little bark, launch'd forth by Fate,
Must pass or founder in the freight
Where winds tempestuous roar;
All are in danger, all are tost,
Many, alas! are split and lost,
And never reach the shore!

IX.

If life's a blessing, why mispend
The short enjoyment giv'n?
If not; why study to extend *
The wrath of angry heav'n?

D

Who

* To extend here means to encrease, or augment, not to lengthen.

Who can ensure a moment's stay?
Man, like a trav'ler on his way,
Partakes a short repast;
If the fare's homely, never mind,
To-morrow's meal may be more kind,
Perhaps this is thy last.



ODE the FIFTH.

WINTER. AN IRREGULAR ODE.

*Horrida tempestas cælum contraxit, et imbres
Nivesque deducunt Jovem.*

HOR.

YE groves, beneath whose thick'ning shade
So oft I've musing wander'd on,
Where now is all your rich parade?

Where now are all your honours gone?
In vain I seek throughout your sad domains

Birds, zephyr, streams, my pleasures heretofore:
Zephyr has lost his breeze, the birds their strains,
Stopt in their course, the streams now purl no more.

Loud boist'rous winds command around,
And from a thousand different vents,
With thousand dreadful hissings sound
The trump of war 'gainst all the elements.

The Sun, astonish'd at the sight,
In terror has withdrawn his light,
Nor dares he 'gainst their wrath display
The glorious brightness of his ray.

Fear has his courage froze,
He without force remains;
And his pale visage shews,
Great are his pains.

Now jealous of the tributary fee
Which ev'ry fountain pays the Sea,
With ice the rivers they enchain,
And the starv'd Ocean gapes in vain.

The Cedar falls, the Elm is broke,
The Monarch of the Woods, the Oak,
Uprooted, prostrate lies;
The pliant willow bows its head,
And bending o'er it's wat'ry bed,
Seems to implore the skies.



O D E the S I X T H.

On the Approach of S P R I N G.

Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris et Favoni. HOR.

SEE Spring, with graceful negligence array'd,
 Trains her green mantle o'er our smiling plains;
 And Venus, her full bosom half display'd,
 Awakes the feather'd world to am'rous strains.

Phœbus his glowing empire resumes,
 Again with genial warmth his subjects greets;
 Like a spruce bridegroom, laughing, forth he comes,
 And fills the desert air with floating sweets.

The gallant God his long white tresses binds,
 Regards his mistress Earth with ardent eyes;
 Where'er his all-reviving look inclines,
 Fresh verdure shoots, and flowers spontaneous rise.

Studious to please, of such a conquest proud,
 The Earth with lilies her fair breast arrays,
 And yielding to the influence of the God,
 Morning and evening grateful incense pays.

'Tis to the union of this matchless pair,
 Each plant, each tree, each being owes its birth;
 Nature revives, and all her works declare,
 That Love's the *primum mobile* on earth.

O D E the S E V E N T H.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloe.

H O R. O D E 23. Lib. I. Imitated.

AS a young kid, or tim'rous fawn,
 Missing her dam upon the lawn,
 Starts, if the winds too roughly blow,
 And scampers up the mountains brow.
 There shou'd a leaf but chance to shake,
 Or lizard rustle in the brake,
 * Trembling she stands, with heart and knee,
 So bashful Chloe flies from me.
 But why, fair excellence, this fear,
 No bloody prowling Tyger's near,
 No savage Lion to annoy,
 None but a harmless, love-sick boy?
 Leave dangling at thy mother's side,
 † Ripe for a husband, be my bride.

* *Et corde et genibus tremit.* 'Tis impossible too much to admire this happy turn of thought. Thus we read, in Scripture, *Terrebit eos sonitus folii volantis.* And thus says Lucan, speaking of Pompey's flight, *pavet ille fragorem motorum ventis nemorum.* Vide Dacier's Remarks on Horace.

† *Tempestiva sequi viro.*

ODE the EIGHTH.

The TRIUMPH of LOVE.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ipse ego segnis eram, discinctaque in otia natus:

Mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos.

Impulit ignavum formosæ cura puellæ;

Jussit et in castris æra merere suis.

Inde vides agilem, nocturnaue bella gerentem

Qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet.

OVID. Eleg. 9. Lib. 1.

DAUGHTERS of almighty Jove,
Muses with thee what joys I find;
These verdant banks, this tranquil grove,
Charm into peace the troubled mind.

What mortal, but forgets his pain,
At the mild murmur of yon babbling stream;
Who can resist the soothing strain
Of thy soul soft'ning theme.

Muses, 'tis in thy retreat
Happiness has chose her seat.

Happy

Happy he, who of thy treasures
Tastes the tranquil pure delight,
He, despising meaner pleasures,
Ne'er of Nature loses fight.

He partakes, with fame-sung Heroes,
Honors which his verse bestows,
And the powerful God of Delos
With one laurel binds their brows.

But what, Great Gods! what magic crouds appear?
Chang'd is the aspect of these peaceful groves;
What sports, what shouts, what music strikes my ear?
The Graces, Pleasures, and the Loves,

With dance and song come flocking forth;
What dreams transport me to the skies?
What prospects fill my ravish'd eyes,
And make me scorn the Earth?

Is it the court supreme
Of the all-ruling Jove?
Or is it Beauty's Queen
Come from above?

By the generous Flora frown,
Fresh plants put forth, fresh flow'rs unknown,
Exhaling Zephyr's sweet;
A new Aurora seems to rise,
And gracious Phœbus fills the skies
With a more genial heat.

What God, ye nymphs, this gen'ral homage claims,
What means that bow, that bandage o'er his eyes?
Why as I gaze, oh revolution strange!
Am I despoil'd of all my faculties?

He comes, and smiling proffers me his hand,
Advance, dear tyrant of my soul,
Advance, 'twere madness to withstand,
A part is lost, accept the whole.

Muses farewell, no more henceforth I'll sue
For honours to my labours long foretold;
To Liberty I bid a last adieu,
Under more pleasing banners I'm enroll'd.
A willing slave to Love I feel more glee
Than in thy dull unsocial Liberty.



ODE the NINTH.

The TRIUMPH of BACCHUS.
AN IRREGULAR ODE.

*Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

HOR.

IMMORTAL Bacchus, thee I chant,
Silence, ye nymphs, and mark me well,
Let others in heroic rant,
Of conquerors and tyrants tell.

Let them, in their labour'd lays, *
The boist'rous Hector's feats rehearse ;
Great God of Wine, fit object of our praise,
To thee I dedicate my verse.

Their brows with vine-leaves crown'd,
Thy joyous troops advance ;
† With measur'd steps thrice shake the ground,
And lead the mazy dance.

But

* *Procumbit humi bos.*

VIRG.

Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.

TERENCE.

† *In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.*

HOR. Ode I. Lib. 4.

And again, in the 18th Ode of the 3d book we find a somewhat similar expression :

*Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.*

Monf.

* But soft, what transports yet unknown
 Seize all at once my agitated breast,
 'Tis there the God erects his throne,
 E'en the whole God reigns there confest.

Bacchus to my dazzled sight
 His sacred mysteries reveals,
 My every trembling finew feels
 A thrilling tumor of delight.

Away, profane ones, fly this blest abode, †
 What ma'nt enthusiastic rage inspire?
 Faithful adherents of the pamper'd God,
 Ordain the feastings, bring me forth my lyre.

Come, let us celebrate this glorious day,
 But, in the zenith of our mirth,
 Guard well to give Dissention birth,
 Drive anger far away.

E. 2

To

Monf. Dacier's Remarks on comparing the above recited passages are very ingenious :

Il n'est pas inutile (dit-il) de remarquer ici la justesse d'Horace pour le choix des mots : ici (dans l'Ode 1 du Livre 4.) en parlant d'une dance de jeune garçons, et de jeune filles, il employe le verbe quater, qui marque un mouvement vif et souvent repeté ; au lieu que dans le passage que je viens de rapporter de l'Ode 18 du livre 3. Horace en parlant d'une dance de paisans s'est servi du mot pepulisse, qui exprime un mouvement fort lourd, qui se fait avec beaucoup de peine et de bruit.

* *Eux, recenti mens trepidat metu ;
 Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
 Lætatur.*

HOR. Ode 19. Lib. 2.

† *Procul esto profani.*

* To Scythians leave the cruel art,
 Their cups to crash in wild dispute;
 † The barb'rous Centaur's vengeful dart
 Our honest hands shall ne'er pollute.

Must we engage, come on my lads,
 Fill each a bumper to the brim;
 My Bacchanalian comrades
 Lend me a Thyrsis to begin.

What athletes down! what spoils around!
 I see, e'en victors on the ground;
 Oh! Son of Jove, who can withstand
 Thy influence divine;
 My rivals stretch'd along the sand
 Now swim in floods of wine.

* *Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
 Pugnare Thracum est.*

HOR. Ode 27. Lib. 1.

which barbarous fashion of quarrelling in their cups, Anacreon calls Scythic, the people of Thrace being originally descended from the Scythians.

Αγε, δῶτε, μηκέθ' ἔτω
 Πατάγω τε καλαητῶ
 Σκυδικὴν ποσιν παρ οἴνῳ
 Μελετωμῶν, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς
 Ὑποπινόντες ἐν ὕμνοις.

† *At ne quis modici transfiliat munera Liberi,
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
 Debellata.*

HOR. Ode 18. Lib. 1.

O D E the T E N T H.

A M Y M O N E.

A N A L L E G O R I C A L C A N T A T A.

O N Argos' shore, near to the arid plain,
Where the Sea dashes her imperious floods,
The youngest of the Naiad train,
The Nymph Aymone implor'd the Gods;
A lustful faun pursu'd the trembling fair,
Who raising her weak arms above,
Neptune, she cried, oh! hear my suppliant prayer,
And save me from a Satyr's beastly love.

To innocence pursu'd
Great Godhead lend thy aid,
From violation rude
Protect a hapless maid.

Oh! must the vows I send
Be lost in empty air,
And must thy billows end
At once my life and pray'r.

To innocence pursu'd
Great Neptune lend thy aid,
From violation rude
Preserve a helpless maid.

Whilst thus the Nymph prefer'd her ardent vows,
Lo! from the waves the God of Waters rose,
Expos'd in all his pearly glory stood;
So to Amphitryon he did appear,
When with him, marching in the rear,
Came Hymen, and Love's winged God.

Streight, at his view, th' astonish'd Satyr fled;
When, with a tone of softness and surprise,
Desire sparkling in his eyes,
The God, enraptur'd, thus address'd the maid:

In vain may brutal force
Thy virtue try to move,
It lifts but to the voice
Of Tendernefs and Love.

Thrice happy he, that boasts the charms
To reach thy virgin breast;
The God of War, strain'd in the arms
Of Venus, is less blest.

In vain shall brutal force
Thy virtue hope to move,
It yields but at the voice
Of Tendernefs and Love.

How easily the Gods seduce the fair!

All things conspir'd 'gainst the yielding maid;

A watry court's enchanting glare,

The merit of a gen'rous timely aid.

What aid? Ah! from a Satyr had she more to dread?

Thetis, with blushes, turn'd aside her head;

When to a grotto's dark retreat

The God triumphant led the maid,

Who, half consenting, half afraid,

Provok'd her own defeat.



O D E the E L E V E N T H.

C A L I S T O.

A N A L L E G O R I C A L C A N T A T A.

G O D D E S S of Forests, hear the vow I make,
Never to trust the flatt'ring voice of Love;
And may I, when this sacred vow I break,
Become the vilest savage of the grove.
Such was thy vow, Calisto; but alas!
Did ever virgin vow unbroken pass?

Oh! Beauty, idol vain,
By blind mankind carest;
Thou asp that fill'st with pain,
And sting'st thy owner's breast.

The snares seduction lays
Thy inexperience scorns;
Thy pride with flowers arrays
The chains loose Pleasure forms.

In vain each am'rous shepherd of the plain
To the hard-hearted nymph had told his pain;
Her steady virtue arm'd her breast with frost.
But who of heaven the power dares slight!
Jove, in the shape of Dian bright,

* Came, saw, and all was lost.

* *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Oh!

Oh! Love dissembling foe,
Deceitful, treacherous guest,
With what excess of woe
Have you my days oppress'd.

Disgrace and keen reproach
Are present to my eyes;
Fear haunts my tear-drench'd couch,
And rest my pillow flies.

'Tis done; already of her shame
The virgin goddess marks th' encreasing load;
Hence from my sight, object profane,
Nor with thy crimes pollute this chaste abode.
Transform'd into a frightful bear,
Go; in the thickets hide thy beastly love,
Beneath that form seducing, there,
Still feed the passion of almighty Jove.

Ye fair, who at your feet
See flatt'ring great ones lie,
Dread the Circean treat
That feeds your vanity.

Love's gentle veil may hide
An equal gen'rous flame;
But avarice and pride
The God repays with shame.

ODE the TWELFTH.

The FORGE of LEMNOS.

TO those fam'd caverns, where the Cyclops band
 Forms ammunition for the thund'ring Jove,
 Venus, whose power e'en Gods cannot withstand,
 Came to repair the shatter'd shafts of Love;
 And Vulcan, whilst around hot embers flew,
 Thus to fresh toil provok'd the loit'ring crew:

Courage, my lads, exert your might,
 Venus your labour claims;
 Let the press'd cylinders excite
 To rage th' expiring flames.

Let smoaking tides of liquid stone
 In torrents flow around,
 And with the stricken anvil's groan
 Let the hoarse rock resound.

Whilst honest Vulcan, stranger to mistrust,
 Thus labour'd his own bosom to enslave,
 Lo! the fierce God of War, with conquest flush'd,
 Enter'd, with martial stride, the cave.

With stern regard, and scornful look,
 Awhile the smutty croud he ey'd;
 Then his blood-reeking javelin shook,
 And, with imposing accent, cried:

Son of great Juno ; you who reign
 O'er this infernal black domain,
 Why all this turbulence and noise,
 To forge a puny infant's toys ;
 Does such a trifling enterprize
 Become the Blacksmith of the Skies ?
 Throw from your hands. * Zounds, Sir, destroy
 Those playthings of an idle boy ;
 Streightway renounce the shameful farce,
 Or never do a job for Mars.

'Twas thus the blust'ring God his wrath exprest,
 When Cupid, zealous of his injur'd right,
 Levell'd an arrow at the Warrior's breast,
 Which twanging fled, and disappear'd from fight.

What sudden change ! that haughty brow
 Which made steel-hardy cyclops bow,
 Now loses all its fire ;
 He strives to bully ; 'tis in vain,
 His respiration comes with pain,
 His oaths in sighs expire.

† Pleas'd Venus, with malicious nod,
 Approv'd the triumph of the God ;
 And 'twas agreed, by all the pow'rs above,
 That the true God of War's the God of Love.

F 2

O D E

* *Tout hero Anglois jure.* Vide La Pucelle d'Orléans Chant troisieme.

† *Ridet hoc (inquam) Venus ipsa.*

ODE the THIRTEENTH.

ODE to HEALTH.

Υγιειά πρεσβυτά Μακάρων
Μετὰ σε ναίοιμι
Το λειπομένον βίотας
Σύδ' εἰ μοι προφρων συνοικέειης.

OLDEST of blessings, here below,
Thou first great good the heav'ns bestow,
Hygeia, Goddess bright,
To thee I dedicate my lay,
With thee I'll walk or ride by day,
With thee I'll sleep by night.

'Tis unto thy all-cheering aid,
Oh ever-blooming lovely maid,
Each earthly bliss we owe;
Thou canst the labourer's toil beguile,
Make poverty exulting smile,
And smooth dejection's brow.

What boon can thy great loss atone,
In thee, fair Health, in thee alone,
All happiness is stow'd?
Titles ar'nt antidotes 'gainst pain:
Without thee riches are in vain,
And love's a galling load.

See De L——, in tinsel pride ;
 That he is noble's not denied,
 If titles make men great.
 To midnight routs and dice a prey,
 The prodigal has thrown away
 His health and large estate.

See Copper C——, to Ganges shore,
 His youthful steps the wanderer bore,
 There wasted manhood's prime ;
 After much blood and rapine past,
 A Nabob he's return'd at last,
 Worn out before his time.

See H——n, with crippled pace,
 Bare ribs, dry shins, and palid face, *
 Creep tott'ring thro' the streets ;
 He blinks and leers his haggard eye,
 And fancies his clogg'd pulse beat high
 At every Rip he meets.

Soar not to such exalted height,
 Oh check, my muse, your vent'rous flight,
 And moderate your song ;
 Let us to humbler scenes resort,
 Since Health is no where found at Court,
 Amidst the ghastly throng.

Hail

* *Palor in ore fuit macies in corpore toto.*

Hail, London, fairest mart of trade!
 In quest of the celestial maid,
 I now approach thy walls;
 Come, Clio, slip your pattens on,
 Tuck up your skirts, and trudge along
 To t'other side St. Paul's.

How chang'd the scene; no more I view
 That meagre form and palid hue,
 Which shock'd my aching eyes;
 Bloated each cheek, and swol'n each nose,
 Each face, like ruddy Phœbus shews,
 Just sinking in the skies.

But say, is this the genuine glow
 That Health and Industry bestow
 Above the Ruby's worth;
 Is such the heav'n illumin'd face,
 Where we the maker's image trace,
 God's likeness upon earth.

By the all-gracious will of heaven,
 To man the flattering boon was given,
 In form erect to rise;
 All other animals are prone
 To earth, 'twas given man alone
 To view the upper skies.

Thus rais'd above the reptile race,
 Can he his excellence debase,
 Perverting Nature's law,

To bestial appetite a slave,
With his own teeth he digs his grave,
A Martyr to his maw.

Turn from such beastly joys away,
And o'er the flowery landscape stray,
The Muses love the plain;
Where exercise, with chearful horn,
Awakes to sports the slumb'ring morn,
And Health conducts the train.

But we're again thrown out, I fear,
For lo! Intemperance in the rear
Holds forth the poison'd bowl;
Making of blessings an abuse,
She, with the black Circean juice,
Lave's every Nimrod's soul.

Where then, fair Health, dost thou reside?
Oh rosy Temp'rance be my guide,
Direct my willing feet.
Let us her early footsteps trace;
Shew me in what sequester'd place
She shuns the mid-day heat.

Joys she in ——— lewd alcoves,
Where music prompts the wanton Loves
To sensual excess;
In scenes more tranquil she delights,
Where Love with Innocence unites
In temp'rate happiness.

(40)

Imbosom'd in yon peaceful vale,
The fairest tenant of the dale
My Sylvia shines confest;
In Sylvia's cheek the Goddess reigns,
Plays sportive in her azure veins,
And swells in her full breast.

F I N I S.



